

DIVINE POEMS,

COMPOSED BY

SARAH CHAPPEL,

Belonging to the TABERNACLE.

I.

NOW to the King of Kings
I bring my Thanks of Praise;
Once I wanted earthly Things,
But now I chuse the heav'nly Way.

II.

It is with Joy I tell
The Wonders God has done,
In saving my poor Soul from Hell,
Thro' his beloved Son.

III.

I was by Nature born in Sin,
And so I did remain,
'Till by Mr. WHITFIELD's Preaching,
I was convinc'd I must be born again.

IV.

It is with Shame and sad Disgrace
I think on the Sabbaths I've broke;
Sin, in my Heart had taken place,
And I bore Satan's Yoke.

V.

But when the Lord did call
Me, by his heavenly Grace,
I then upon my Knees did fall,
Resolv'd to seek his Face.

IV.



VI.

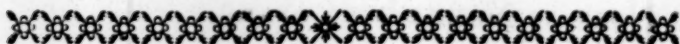
Neither did I seek in vain,
His Mercy soon I found ;
He wash'd away my deepest Stains,
And heal'd my deadly Wound.

VII.

The Wound that Sin has made,
Which is the worst of all,
Repenting Souls be not afraid.
Jesus can pardon all.

VIII.

But, oh ! my God, suffer me not
To lift my Heart too high ;
Make me remember I was bought,
When at Jesus' Feet I lay.



I.

THE Christian's whole Delight
Is in the Lord his King,
The Sinner's greatest Fright,
Is when he cannot sin.

II.

The Christian he goes on,
With a chearful Heart,
The Sinner he does groan,
When with his Sin must part.

III.

III.

The Christian would be glad,
To have the Sinner turn ;
The Sinner says the Christian's mad,
From Sin he won't reform.

IV.

The Christian he would have
The Sinner to relent ;
He tells him, in the Grave
'Twill be too late to repent.

V.

The Christian he is glad
To meet with Death his Friend,
The Sinner he looks sad,
When his Life must have an end.

VI.

The Christian he does go
From all his Pains and Fears,
But, alas ! the Sinner's woe,
Will be to endless Years.

VII.

The Christian grieves no more
His Joy is all divine,
The Sinner does implore
To have a longer Time.

VIII.

But when the Warrant's seal'd,
And Death hath his Command ;
Kings themselves must yield,
They can no longer stand.

IX.

IX.

But, oh! let me intreat
 All Sinners to return;
 Go, worship at my Saviour's Feet,
 And in Hell you shall not burn.

X.

Jesus is gracious yet,
 He has Mercy yet in store
 For them that doth intreat,
 And will his Aid implore.

XI.

I by Experience speak
 Of the Goodness of the Lord,
 For when a Promise I did seek,
 A Promise he did afford.

XII.

O may all that read these Lines,
 Without Delay turn to th' Lord,
 Ask my Saviour pardon for their Crimes,
 And a Pardon he will afford.

XIII.

I have often startled at a Skeleton,
 'Twas my own Picture I then did shun;
 Now I converse with Death, can say
 That I never better spent the Day.

F I N I S.

10 JUN 68

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